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THE HOLY HOUR,

OR THE

*Intimate Union of the Soul with Jesus
in His Agony in the Garden.*

Translated from the Italian

BY A

FATHER OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

WITH PREFACE BY THE

VERY REV. A. WELD,



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PREFACE.

THE little volume which is here presented to the public has little need of preface. The title will be sufficient to attract those who have ever meditated upon that terrible hour during which the Son of God endured pangs which His enemies had not the power to inflict on Him. It will be grateful to all who sympathise with the most afflicted Heart of Jesus in the hour of Its most bitter agony. And if this little book falls into the hands of any who have never seriously meditated on this wonderful mystery, let

them only read with a devout mind the first of these considerations ; they will scarcely fail to follow them to the end, and will "Draw water with joy out of the Saviour's fountain."*

The well is indeed deep, and the heedless passer-by may not see how to reach its depths, and may ask with the Samaritan woman, "From whence then hast Thou living water?"† This was the question of one who, as we are told, had no commerce with the people of God. But it is otherwise with those who know, and seek to partake of this sacred fountain. The well is the Heart of Jesus, ever overflowing for those who approach It with a contrite heart, and full of the

thise with Its sufferings, and endeavour to repair Its griefs. Whoever, therefore, meditates devoutly on the Agony of the Heart of our Divine Lord has wherewith to draw this living water, and will partake in fulness of the promises of our Divine Master: "He that shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall not thirst for ever, but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a fountain of water springing up unto everlasting life."*

A. WELD, S.J.

Feast of St. Francis Borgia, 1869.

* St. John iv.

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THE HOLY HOUR;
OR, THE
INTIMATE UNION OF THE SOUL WITH
JESUS IN HIS AGONY IN
THE GARDEN.

"I looked for one that would grieve together with me, but there was none: and for one that would comfort me, and I found none." Psalm lxviii. v. 21.

"The Holy Hour is an exercise of prayer, either mental or vocal, on the night between Thursday and Friday, and has for its object the sorrows of the Heart of Jesus in His agony in the Garden of Olives."*

This devotion, which has been pro-

* *L'Ora Santa*, a little book printed in Naples in 1830.

moted and enriched with indulgences in the diocese of Autun, was originated by the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, of the Order of the Visitation, to whom our Lord Jesus Christ Himself vouchsafed to teach it. "You shall receive Holy Communion," He said, "the first Friday of each month, and every night between Thursday and Friday I will make you partaker of that sorrow unto death which it was My will to suffer in the Garden of Olives. This sorrow shall reduce you, without your understanding how, to a kind of agony more bitter than death. To join with Me in the humble prayer which I then offered to My Divine Father in agony, you shall rise before midnight, and remain with Me upon your knees prostrate for an hour, with your face to the ground, to appease the anger of My Eternal Father and to ask of Him pardon for sinners. You will thus also share with Me, and in a manner soothe, the bitter grief I suffered when My disciples

abandoned Me and I was constrained to reproach them that they could not watch with Me one hour. During that hour you shall do what I shall teach you. Now listen to Me, My daughter, beware of believing lightly every spirit, and of trusting them with too great facility. Satan is raging with a desire to deceive you, and therefore beware of doing anything without the consent of your Director."

The servant of God practised with perseverance what she had been thus taught by her Divine Spouse, and in a Retreat which she made in the year 1673, our Lord made the following revelation to her, as she herself declared in writing in obedience to her Superiors : " While I was attentively meditating in prayer upon the only object of my love in the Garden of Olives, overwhelmed with sorrow, and in an agony of loving but most cruel grief, and feeling within me a most vehement desire of

* Languet, *Life of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alocque*, vol i., n. 53.

sharing in His anguish, He lovingly said to me as follows—‘Here I suffered interiorly, more than in all the remainder of My Passion, beholding Myself abandoned by Heaven and earth, and loaded with the sins of all mankind. Moreover, I appeared thus in the presence of the Sanctity of God, Who, without regard to My Innocence, crushed Me in His fury, and made Me drink the chalice filled with the bitterness and gall of His just indignation, as though He had forgotten the name of Father, and would sacrifice Me as a victim to His anger. No creature is capable of comprehending the unspeakable torment I then endured. It is the same pain the criminal soul feels when it is presented before the tribunal of the justice of God. His infinite holiness oppresses, crushes, and overwhelms it in its just fury. Now My justice,’ He added, ‘is provoked and ready to punish secret sinners with open chastisements, unless they quickly betake themselves to condign penance.

I will make you know when My justice is about to deal its blows upon the heads of these unfortunate souls, and it shall be when you shall feel My Sanctity weigh heavily upon you. Then you shall lift up your heart and hands to heaven with the offering of prayers and good works, presenting Me continually to My Father as a victim of love, in sacrifice and oblation for the sins of the whole world, and placing Me as a secure bulwark between His justice and sinners, to obtain mercy, with which you shall feel encompassed when I shall be pleased to grant My favours to any one of these sinners. You must then offer Me to My Father in thanksgiving for the mercy I have shown. You shall know also when that soul will persevere and be saved, for I will make you partaker of some gleams of the joy which the Blessed have in Heaven and that by the communication of My love.'” Thus our Lord gave to this pious virgin a share in the interior pains, which He suffered in His

agony in the Garden of Gethsemani. Blessed are they who receive such a gift ! They will have a heart the more like to the Heart of Jesus, the more they shall suffer for Him. Here then you have, O souls who love Jesus Christ, an easy method of obtaining the conversion of sinners, of atoning in some degree for the horrible ingratitude that the most amiable Heart of Jesus receives continually at the hands of men, and at the same time of finding comfort in all your own afflictions of soul and body. It is certain that the holy Mother Teresa of Jesus used to meditate on the agony of our Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemani before lying down to rest, and she found in the Garden of Olives consolation for all her pains. Practise then this devotion, and as it is very pleasing to the Divine Heart of Jesus, so you will find it singularly adapted to give you comfort in this place of painful exile.

OBSERVATIONS.

1. Different methods are given of passing devoutly the Holy Hour, both for the sake of variety and to suit the different capacities of persons who wish to engage in this holy exercise.

2. Three persons agree to make each in their turn an hour's meditation or vocal prayer, as has been said, from eleven to twelve o'clock, on the night between Thursday and Friday.

3. Those who are hindered by sickness can keep the appointed hour by uniting their pains with the sufferings of the sorrowful Heart of Jesus in His agony.

4. Persons living in Community or in any way hindered from rising at night to pray, may gain the indulgences by keeping the Holy Hour at the time most convenient to them in the course of the day.

5. Care should be taken to propagate the devotion, and to substitute others in the place of those removed by death, so that this pious practice may be extended and perpetuated throughout the whole world.

6. Prayers are requested for the promoters of this devotion ; and a remembrance during the Holy Hour, to obtain the blessing of Heaven upon a work which has for its object to honour our Saviour's Passion and the Dolours of the Blessed Virgin ; and prayers are also requested for the promoters of the same.

7. The adorers of the "Eternal Wisdom of the Father" can satisfy the obligations of their association by keeping this Hour.

PREPARATORY PRAYER.

To be said at the beginning of the Holy Hour.)

Accompany in spirit Jesus Christ to the Garden of Olives, and imagining that by a special favour He chooses you as He did His three most beloved disciples, to bear witness to the pains of His sorrowful Heart, and to unite you to the fervent prayers he is about to pour forth, make an act of faith in the presence of God, and say as follows :

O Eternal God ! infinitely holy and just, I prostrate myself together with Thy Divine Son, in the presence of Thy Supreme Majesty, and in profound abasement I adore Thee, and acknowledge my nothingness before Thy infinite Greatness. I offer Thee the agony and sorrows of the Heart of Jesus in satisfaction to Thy justice, and in sorrow for my sins, and the sins of the whole world ; for the wants of the Holy Church both spiritual and

temporal; to implore Thy mercy and pity upon all who are in their agony; to obtain for all Religious the first fervour of their institute; to repair the outrages which Jesus Christ receives in the Sacrament of His love; to succour the souls in Purgatory; in prayer for the conversion of many sinners, and lastly to obtain Thy mercy on myself in my last agony. O Father of infinite goodness, hearken to these my desires, and give Thy blessing to this prayer which I am about to make in union with Thy Divine Son my most loving Redeemer, and for the sake of His most amiable Heart; and by His merits I beseech Thee make me feel a lively sorrow for my sins, which caused such grief to Jesus my dear Saviour in the Garden of Olives.

POINTS OF MEDITATION.*

(For persons accustomed to meditate.)

FIRST MEDITATION.

1. Prelude.—Recall to memory how Jesus with His eleven disciples departing from Mount Sion, where He had supped, and passing over to the Valley of Jehosaphat, having left there eight of His disciples, and the other three at a little distance from Him in the Garden of Olives, withdrew from them, prayed three times to His Father, and fell into an agony and a sweat of blood.

2. Prelude.—Keep your imagination fixed on the Garden of Olives, that it may not wander anywhere else.

3. Prelude.—Ask for sorrow, tears,

* These points are taken from the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.

anguish of mind, and other similar interior pains, that you may accompany Jesus in the sufferings which He endures for your sake.

I. Point.—Supper being ended, and a hymn having been sung, Jesus went with His disciples, who were full of fear, to the Mount of Olives, and made eight remain in Gethsemani, saying, “Remain here, while I go and pray yonder.”

II. Point.—Having taken with Him the three disciples, Peter, James, and John, He prayed three times saying: “My Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from Me—but yet not as I will but as Thou willest.” And being in an agony of grief He prayed the more earnestly.

III. Point.—Having suffered Himself to be seized with such fear that He said, “My soul is sorrowful even unto death,” He sweated blood, and that in abundance, as we read in St. Luke, “His sweat was, as of drops of blood, running down to the ground,” so that

His clothes also must have been saturated with blood.

SECOND MEDITATION.

I. Point.—Represent to yourself in imagination the Garden of Olives, the disciples heavy with sleep, and Jesus praying with great reverence, and reflect upon it to your profit.

II. Point.—Listen attentively to the words which Jesus addresses to the disciples, and to His Father, and ponder them for your instruction.

III. Point.—See Jesus in His agony, in entire abandonment, streaming with a bloody sweat. Comfort Him—compassionate Him—adore His blessed blood—and with the greatest reverence kiss the ground that is bathed with it.

THIRD MEDITATION.


I. Point.—Consider what it is that our Lord Jesus Christ suffers in His humanity,

and desires to suffer; and endeavour to excite in yourself sorrow, mourning, and tears.

II. Point.—Reflect how the Divinity of of Jesus Christ conceals itself, and how, though He could destroy His adversaries, He does not do so, but rather allows His humanity to suffer such cruel pains.

III. Point.—Considering that Jesus suffers such pains for your sins, see what you ought to do or suffer for the love of Him.

Conclude the meditation with a colloquy full of affections to Jesus Christ, reciting at the end the *Pater noster*.



FIRST CONSIDERATION.*

Behold Jesus goes forth from the supper chamber with His Apostles. Whither is He going in the darkness of the night? He directs His steps towards Mount Olivet, passes over the valley of Jehosaphat and the brook Cedron, and now is ascending the side of the mountain and enters the Garden of Gethsemani. Alas! our dear Lord knows well that the traitor apostle, assured that He will find Him in this garden to which His Divine Master is accustomed to retire to pray, will bring the soldiers here, to deliver Him into their hands. He knows well that in the prayer

* These considerations are more adapted for those who are not accustomed to meditate by themselves. The two first are written upon the plan of Fr. Dierlins' *Praxis Meditationum*; the last has been taken, with some alterations from the book entitled *New Guide of Philothea*.

He is about to make this night, He will suffer unspeakable fear, sadness, and sorrow, and will sweat Blood. Nevertheless Jesus does not depart from the holy practice to which He is accustomed. O dear Jesus, this is Thy gentle reproof to me, who allow myself to depart from the good I would do on account of any discomfort I may have to endure ; and yet what is it that I shall have to suffer compared with that which Thou wilt have to suffer for me? I shall have to bear some taunt or derision, Thou wilt be betrayed and dragged away to death ; I shall feel some dryness, desolation, drowsiness, or temptations ; Thou with Thy Heart full of fear, sadness, and sorrow, wilt fall into an Agony ; I shall feel some weariness, Thou wilt sweat great drops of Blood ! Ah ! my dear Lord, I am confounded and ashamed at my cowardice and my weakness. Do Thou assist me, that with confidence in Thine aid I may desire to be with Thee in Thy dolorous Agony, although I should have

to fall into an agony with Thee and sweat blood. But see ! what different expressions of feeling appear in their several countenances ! Jesus goes forward calm and serene to the place of His painful Agony : the Disciples, on the contrary, appear full of sadness of heart, and fear, and follow with slow steps their Divine Master. Yet these are they who a little while since promised Jesus to follow Him with courage, even to die with Him. Oh ! how weak is our will, how changeable, if it is not strengthened by divine grace ! How many times have I too purposed to choose rather to die than to offend even in little things my Divine Lord with full deliberation ! How many times have I resolved to follow Him generously in humiliations, in sufferings, in privation of all earthly goods ! How many times have I determined to shake off the tepidity which makes my soul lukewarm in God's service, and to give myself to a truly fervent life ! Ah, my Lord Jesus ! I see

clearly that all my purposes are in vain, unless they are made efficacious by Thy grace together with my faithful correspondence to it. But why, O my soul, lettest thou thyself be overwhelmed with sadness? Hope in thy God, for He is thy strength and thy salvation. See how thy Heavenly King, full of love for His Father and for thee, goes forward with generosity to meet death. It is this charity, with which, as with the armour of God, thou must clothe thyself against thine enemies, not to be fearful as the Disciples were, for in charity there is no fear—"but perfect love casteth out fear."* Ask with humility of thy Lord Jesus this charity, the first of the fruits of the Holy Spirit, and the gift of fortitude, that thou mayest combat with generosity against the infernal foe.

II. Jesus has now, O my soul, passed over the torrent Cedron with His Disciples, and has arrived at the Garden of

* 1 John iv. 18.

Gethsemani. Listen! He speaks. He says to eight of His Disciples, "Sit ye here, whilst I go yonder to pray."* Now the chiefs of the people and the Pharisees, with the traitor disciple, are speaking together against Him, and conspiring how to take Him and put Him to death, and He is doing that which He said by the mouth of David, "They murmured against Me, and I prayed."† Behold the comfort I ought to seek in the like case. In vain then have I gone begging for human consolation in my distresses. For the time to come prayer shall be my comfort in every grief. I will have recourse to Thee, my dear Lord, in afflictions, in temptations, in adversities, in all tribulations, for Thou art my joy, my strength, my protection, and my only Comforter. Do Thou only grant, I beseech Thee, that I may remember to have recourse to Thee in every adversity. Turn then Thy loving look upon me, and restore to me

* Matth. xxvi. 36. † Ps. cviii. 4.

the peace I have lost. Let not my sins make Thee withdraw Thine eyes of mercy from me. Keep me ever close to Thee, and I shall fear no assaults of my enemies. So long as Thou art my confidence, my heart shall not be afraid at the sight of the armies arrayed in battle against me.

III. Observe, O my soul, how Jesus here acts the part of the good Captain. He bids His Disciples keep aloof, saying to them, "Sit ye here, while I go yonder and pray." He makes them remain, and He alone meanwhile goes to bear the fearful brunt of battle, about to fall upon Him, in which He will have to endure an Agony so great as to bedew the ground with a sweat of Blood. He chooses three as witnesses, but none to take a part in His painful Agony. Learn, O my soul, to take for thyself the occupations of greater toil and to leave the less laborious to others. This is the law of fraternal charity: and this is the lesson of thy Divine Master. Ah! dear Lord, I con-

ness that I have often been wanting in this charity, which seeks not its own ease, but studies to alleviate at its own expense the labours of others. Do Thou, I beseech Thee, inspire my heart with a fervent charity, by which I may be moved to make every sacrifice however arduous for the sake of my neighbour, whom I love, and will always love for the love of Thee, with that charity which Thou wilt I should have towards myself.

IV. But meanwhile of what is my Divine Saviour thinking? He sees that His Disciples are eleven in number and no more. And the twelfth—where is he? Where is Judas? Where is that once loved disciple? Satan has entered into him, and the miserable wretch is gathering together the officers to deliver his Divine Master into their hands! Oh, what a cruel wound is this to the most tender Heart of Jesus, to be so shamefully betrayed by a Disciple whom He had loaded with such benefits. He had given him

the mission of an Apostle, and the power of working miracles, and of casting out devils. He had appointed him the keeper of the purse of the Apostolic College, Priest of His Church and Bishop of His flock. He had washed his feet at the Last Supper, and given Him His Divine Body for his food; and after so many benefits He finds Himself betrayed, and repaid by such black ingratitude. Ah, it is impossible to conceive the cruel pain which the most sensitive Heart of Jesus feels, and yet the flood of ingratitude poured into that Divine Heart by that traitorous disciple, cannot even now extinguish the burning flames of charity towards him. And it seems that Jesus is saying within Himself, "I will try yet once more to soften that hard heart, when My beloved Disciple, now my betrayer, shall approach his sacrilegious mouth to My face to betray Me with a kiss, I will not call lightning from heaven to consume him, nor bid the earth open to swallow

him, nor strike him dead ; but with My wonted sweetness I will speak to him for the last time, to see if I can make an entrance into that hard heart, and move it to repentance." But, alas ! Jesus sees that His last call to penitence will not be hearkened to by the miserable Disciple, who after his enormous crime, despairing of divine mercy, will put an end to his own life, and incur eternal damnation. Oh, incomparable grief of Jesus ! But, O my soul, hast thou never abandoned thy Divine Master by mortal sin ? Oh, what was it that thou didst then ? Thou gavest that Divine Heart a pang of grief like that which is now given Him by the traitor Disciple. That most loving Father turned then His eyes towards thy abode, He beheld thy parents united to Him by His grace, but between Him and thee He saw sin, which like a wall separated thee from Him. "Where art thou ?" He repeated, "soul, so dear to Me—where art thou ? Hast thou thus forgotten My

great benefits to thee, and My most excessive love? Ah, if an enemy had done Me this wrong I could have borne it; but thou who wast My companion living in the sweetness of peace, which innocence poured into thy heart—thou, who receivedst from Me such honour, and in the enjoyment of My friendship didst feed upon My very flesh at the divine banquet—thou hast postponed Me to things so vile, as Judas did My honour and My life to the sum of thirty pence. Is this then the return that thou shouldst make to My love? Soul, so dear to Me, where art thou? See the height of honour from whence thou art fallen, and the depth of the abyss of misery into which thou hast gone headlong. Return to My bosom, soul so dear to Me, for at too great a price have I bought thee." All creatures re-echoed the voice of Jesus, and said to thee, "Where is thy God?" Ah, my God, Thou wast within me no more as my Spouse united to me by grace,

but as a Judge to condemn me to eternal pains. And how is it that at the very thought of it, I do not tremble? Alas, I have not tears enough to weep for such a loss, though my eyes should be converted into never-ceasing fountains of bitter tears. O my good God, great have been my offences against Thee ! but Thy mercy is infinitely greater than my malice. All the earth is full of Thy mercy, and I hope to obtain from it full pardon of all my iniquities, which I detest and abhor more than any other evil, because they are an offence of Thee, O Sovereign Good. O my merciful God, have mercy on me !

V. But there still remains much more for thee to wonder at, O my soul, in the Divine Goodness and Mercy. Behold how the Divinity of our dear Lord seems to hide Itself, while He is so basely betrayed, and does not seek to defend from the plots laid against Him, this innocent Victim Who is offering Himself for the salvation of the world. Heretofore

the Divinity rendered the God-Man invisible, and thus delivered Him from the hands of His enemies, for the hour had not yet come when Jesus would pay down the infinite price of the redemption of man. But now is the time when He shall be delivered up. Jesus will give Himself into the hands of His enemies. Jesus will suffer and will die, because He will accomplish the great work of man's redemption decreed from eternity in the councils of God. Jesus must suffer the vilest wrongs of every kind, the most abominable calumnies, the most abject humiliations, the most cruel pains both interior and exterior, agony, abandonment, crucifixion, death. And all this He will suffer to do the will of His Eternal Father, and to make that satisfaction which has been decreed in Heaven for the reconciliation of man with God. Learn, from this, O my soul, what kind of resolves thine ought to be. How many times hast thou purposed to do that which God commands,

and not to transgress a single precept of His at the cost of any sacrifice, however arduous it might be? Hast thou fulfilled these promises? Alas, how often thou hast been unfaithful to them! and yet it was not a question of shedding thy blood, of agonising unto death; all that was required of thee was to do thyself a little violence to overcome a temptation. And yet, though to keep my fidelity to my Lord I had been required to give my life for the love of Jesus, Who sacrificed His precious life for me, I ought to have done it. O my Lord Jesus, I am confounded at my ingratitude, and at the generosity of Thy love. I thank Thee that Thou hast not permitted Thy justice to take its course, but that in Thine anger Thou hast remembered mercy. But knowest Thou not, O my soul, that the goodness of thy God draweth thee to repentance, as it waited for that of the traitor Disciple. It is folly to sin with greater temerity because God does not

always upon the instant punish the sinner. Alas, how many there are in the world who despise His long-suffering, and live in unlawful pleasures, and in a moment descend to hell. Be not one of these, but think well of the means whereby thou shalt be firm and constant in thy resolutions.

VI. Judas then will come at the head of the traitorous crew, and Jesus will not withdraw Himself from the hands of His enemies, because He has given Himself for the redemption of mankind. And I who see my Lord take willingly upon Himself the pains due to the sins of others, what have I done hitherto for my sins? What am I doing for them now? and what am I resolving to do for the time to come? My soul, be confounded at seeing the little thou dost to satisfy for thy sins, while thou seest thy Lord Jesus offer Himself wholly in satisfaction for them. Learn from thy Redeemer to desire and accept willingly sufferings

for the love of Him Who with such inflamed desire goes to meet death for the love of thee. O Jesus ! most innocent, those pains are due by right to me, which Thou dost so ardently desire to suffer for me. It is I that have sinned, and Thou wilt bear the punishment of my sins. Oh, excess of love ! I thank Thee, my Lord Jesus, for Thy so great charity towards me. I beseech Thee then, since Thou wilt suffer for me, make me Thy companion in Thy exterior and interior pains. I accept from this moment in union with Thy sufferings every grief that is to befall me. Do Thou only strengthen me with Thy grace, that I may not lose courage and abandon Thee. Yes, my Jesus ! I will follow Thee in the way of tribulation, and I will put all my confidence in the promise which Thou hast made to comfort with Thy grace all who labour and are heavily burdened, if they will have recourse to Thee.

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SECOND CONSIDERATION.

I. Jesus takes with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, James and John, and passes further on into the Garden of Olives, and begins to have fear, and to be sad, and exceedingly sorrowful. See, my soul, how thy Divine Lord gives leave to fear, weariness and affliction to come upon Him. How strange! The Man God, Who is omnipotent, is afraid! He Who desired so earnestly the time of His Passion now is weary. He Who is the Comforter of the afflicted now is full of sorrow. Oh, the refinement of the charity of our Divine Master! He will suffer these things before I suffer them, and for love of me, that I may learn to suffer them for love of Him. He will never permit that I shall be overwhelmed by these passions to the degree that He was,

but will make a way that I may escape. He, on the contrary, permits these pains to burst upon Him as a flood. And turning to His Disciples He says, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death—stay ye here and watch with Me and pray that ye may not enter into temptation." He exhorts them to watch and pray. These are the two means I must employ especially in time of temptation. I must watch over the affections of my heart, and over my senses, that the enemy who fights against me may not gain an inch of ground. I must moreover pray with diffidence in myself, putting my whole confidence in the grace of Jesus Christ, which will always be given in greater abundance to my prayer. But our Lord Jesus doing violence to Himself withdraws from His Disciples, falls upon His knees, and prostrates Himself with His face to the ground and prays. Thus He teaches me to pray with reverence. Now if He, Who is by Nature innocence itself, prays in such a

posture, what should sinners do? What shall I do when I pray? With all humility, which shall be shown externally, I will confess to my Lord that I am dust and ashes. I will accuse myself before my divine and tremendous Judge of the iniquities which have made me so deformed and abominable in His sight.

II. But hearken, O my soul, to the prayer which Jesus makes to His Eternal Father. "My Father," He says, "if it be possible let this chalice pass from Me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt."* What is it that Jesus asks in this prayer? He asks that the bitter chalice of His Passion may pass from Him. And why? Because He sees that after so abundant a redemption there will be innumerable souls, that by their malice will be lost. It is this, which more than His ignominies, pains, and death, afflicts the most loving Heart of our Redeemer. One drop of His Divine Blood was enough

* Matt. xxvi. 39.

to give satisfaction of an infinite merit to the justice of God for the sins of men, and He will shed His Blessed Blood to the last drop—yet, to His inexpressible grief, He sees that so many souls will not profit by their ransom, and will be lost for ever. Oh, who can comprehend the most cruel pain which the tender Heart of Jesus suffers at the loss of so many souls. Jesus wishes all men to be saved: but he who will not glorify the Divine Mercy in Heaven, will glorify the Divine Justice in Hell. And therefore Jesus adds, that not according to His will be it done, but according to the will of His most Just Father. He, then, would be much mistaken, who should presume on security in trying as it were to make a compromise with God, and to draw His will to his own. See, my soul, with what resignation to the divine will thou must pray. Ask for what thou wouldest have, but remember in every request to imitate the resignation of thy Divine Master saying,

“Heavenly Father, not as I will; but Thy will be done.”

III. Having made this prayer, Jesus rises, goes to His Disciples, and finds them sleeping, and says to Peter, “Simon, sleepest thou? What! could you not watch with Me one hour? Watch and pray that you enter not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.”* O charitable solicitude of our Divine Master! He interrupts His prayer, and although His Heart is plunged in a sea of anguish, as if forgetting what He suffers, He is wholly occupied in comforting His Disciples, and preparing them for temptation. Thus my Heavenly Master teaches me, that neither for the afflictions that I feel, nor for the desire of prayer, should I ever neglect works of charity, or be wanting in due vigilance in the care of those who are committed to me. Reflect well, O my soul, on the words which Jesus has said, and thou wilt find

* Matt. xxvi. 40. 41.

them full of holy instruction. First, they contain a just reproof which I have so often merited. Then, a command, in which is declared to me the necessity of prayer and watchfulness over my senses and affections. Lastly, a warning not to trust too much to myself lest I be betrayed by my passions, which in my members war against the spirit. But, above all, compassionate our dear Lord, who in so great affliction has no one to speak to Him a word of comfort.

IV. Jesus a second time retires to pray, saying, "My Father, if it be not possible that this chalice pass except I drink it, Thy will be done."* Keep well in mind these last words, O my soul. These must be thy consolation whensoever thou findest thyself afflicted by any pain. Then remember thy Divine Master, and after His example recollect thyself in prayer, and with Him repeat to thy Heavenly Father, "Thy will be done."

* Matt. xxvi. 42.

Nor must thou be content with having recourse to prayer once only, but thou must imitate the perseverance of Jesus in His desolation. See how He returns to His Disciples, and finds them sleeping, for their eyes are heavy, and they know not what to answer Him. He leaves them therefore, and goes to pray for the third time, repeating the same words. But now behold He falls into an agony of grief, and prays yet more earnestly, and breaks out into a sweat of drops of Blood, which run down upon the ground. Ah ! we cannot comprehend the greatness of the grief and the cruelty of the torments which He will have to suffer until death, since the lively representation of them to the imagination beforehand makes Him fall into an Agony and a sweat of Blood. O Jesus, my Redeemer, I bless and adore Thy most precious Blood, with which, through the desire Thou hast of sufferings, Thou dost water the earth, even before Thine executioners shed it by the torments

with which they put Thee to death. Grant, O my King, that I may imitate Thee as a faithful follower in Thy sufferings and humiliations. Give me grace to carry into effect the desire I entertain of suffering willingly with Thee and for the love of Thee, since Thou, my dear Saviour, didst suffer for me, that I might follow Thy example.

V. My Lord Jesus lies prostrate with His face to the earth—He is in Agony—and sheds in great abundance a sweat of Blood. O most sorrowful sight ! O Eternal Father, do Thou give some comfort to the most Sacred Humanity of Thine Only Begotten, Who groans, and is in Agony, and is sweating Blood beneath the heavy load of the sins of others, which Thine Innocent Son, through an excess of love, has taken upon Himself. But see ! an Angel appears from Heaven to comfort Him—and what comfort can a creature give to the Creator. Oh the humiliation of my Saviour and my God ! Learn,

O my soul, to receive with humility comfort in thy desolations, and advice in thy doubts, from him whom God has given thee to govern and direct thee in the way to Heaven. The comforting Angel says to Jesus that it is the will of the Eternal Father, that He satisfy the Divine Justice for the sins of men. He shows Him the multitude of those who by His merits will be saved. He tells Him that the reprobate will glorify the Divine Justice as the Elect will glorify the Divine Mercy. All which things although Jesus knows better than the Angel, yet He listens with the greatest humility to His comforter, as the Representative of His heavenly Father. And here we must reflect that the Angel does indeed comfort, but does not deliver my Redeemer from His Passion, which is at hand. And I would ever be delivered from every suffering. Ah my Lord Jesus, comfort me always by Thy grace in my sufferings, and I only ask Thee to be delivered from them when

Thou seest that it is for the greater good of my soul. And how can I be so impatient of every trouble and sorrow, when I see my Saviour in Agony for me. He Who did no sin suffers for us sinners, that we being dead to sin may live to justice. How just it is then that I by interior and exterior penance satisfy the Divine Justice for my sins. Ah yes, my most amiable Redeemer, trusting in Thy assistance I will make satisfaction to the justice of my God for the offences I have committed against it. Alas, how many they are, and how great! Yes, my sins are more in number than the hairs of my head, and in grievousness are as deserving of all hatred as the Sovereign Good against Whom I have offended is deserving of all love. O Infinite Goodness, I repent of ever having offended Thee! Would that my eyes were a fountain of tears, that I might weep for the many sins I have committed! O my Jesus, make me a partaker of that intense grief that Thou didst feel for my

ingratitude. O that I could here die of pure contrition, prostrate at Thy feet, for having thus offended Thee ! But since of Thy mercy Thou still dost preserve my life, I will satisfy the debt I owe to the Divine Justice by the mortification of my senses, and by resignation to Thy Divine Will. Do Thou grant Thy blessing to this my resolution, and make it effectual by Thy grace.

THIRD CONSIDERATION.

I. Consider, faithful soul, how truly Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemani has taken upon Himself our sorrows and carried our griefs. Behold thy Saviour, prostrate with His face to the earth, Who groans under the weight of the iniquities of the whole world. Although He has offered Himself of His own will to expiate our sins, nevertheless He is pierced with so lively a pain at the ingratitude of men in return for His excessive love for them, that He is well nigh expiring a victim of His great grief. Adore with profound homage so august and holy a victim. Beg of Jesus to inspire your mind with something of that immeasurable hatred that He has of sin, and to pierce your inmost soul with such a lively sorrow, as may cause tender tears of contrition to gush from your eyes.

II. Contemplate the abandonment in which your Saviour finds Himself. Amid the darkness and the silence of the night the Apostles are asleep. His most tender Mother is far away from Jesus, and she too is pierced through the heart with a deep sword of sorrow at the pains Her beloved Son is about to suffer. Divine Justice beholds Jesus covered with our iniquities, and considers Him as the Victim of Expiation, Who must offer Himself a holocaust to reconcile man with God. He must drink to the last drop the bitter cup which is prepared for Him by the infinite hatred which a God of perfect sanctity necessarily bears to sin. See now with what tender gratitude you should pronounce the most sweet Name of Jesus, which signifies Saviour. Oh how dear this Divine Name has cost the Son of God. How much He suffers to be our Saviour, our Jesus !

III. Imagine that you see Jesus, Who, oppressed with fear, weariness, and sad-

ness, with difficulty raises Himself from the ground, and goes towards His Disciples. But finding them asleep, He seems to repeat the just complaint that He made by the mouth of David: "I looked for one to grieve with Me, and there was none; and for one to comfort Me, and I found none." See, He turns His loving eyes towards you. Cast yourself at His feet, and say to Him with all your heart: O my Jesus! O my desolate Redeemer! I too have often abandoned Thee! I have afflicted Thy Heart by my wanderings away from Thee, and yet Thou hast not abandoned me as I deserved, but as a good shepherd hast travelled far in search of me, Thy lost sheep. O my most loving Lord, behold me here; I return to Thee, and will follow Thee in sufferings unto death.

IV. Jesus says, "My soul is sorrowful even to death." The Heart of Jesus is pierced through with a two-edged sword, which is rendered sharp on the one hand

by His love for His Heavenly Father, on the other by His love for men. He would repair the outrages done to His Father by sinful man, and would exterminate from the world the horrid monster of sin; but He sees that notwithstanding the excess of charity with which He endeavours to free man from sin, sin will still reign in the world, and the Holiness of God will still be dishonoured. He suffers torments without measure to save men from eternal perdition, and yet He knows that the greater part of men, despising His exquisite charity, will by their malice be miserably lost. And would that it were only Jews and Infidels! What most torments His Heart is to see the perdition of numberless heretics, torn by their pride from His Fatherly bosom, and of multitudes of Catholics dying in the Church itself, which, as an Ark of Salvation, should have secured them from the common shipwreck. This is the bitterest drop of that cup, and it is this which

pours such bitterness into the loving Heart of Jesus; and therefore He returns to weep again, with His divine face bowed to the ground, and says, "My Father—My Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from Me." And so cruel is the anguish that overwhelms His Heart, that He falls into an Agony, and is brought nigh to death by sorrow. Then His Blood will be shed all in vain for so many souls so dear to Him. So many outrages will still be committed against His Divine Father. And you, my soul, what say you to such a woeful sight? Do you not call to mind the share you have had in afflicting this Divine Heart? Jesus sees distinctly all your faults, your weakness in temptations, your infidelity in your purposes, your ingratitude to the benefits you have received. Ah, say to Him with a heart full of compunction: O my Good Shepherd! I have wandered as a sheep that is lost, but do Thou call me back to Thy bosom. See me at last returning full

of sorrow, that I have so long despised the tenderness of Thy love. It is true, dear Lord, that Thou seest my soul far different from what it was before it abandoned Thee. But Thou givest me courage with that loving invitation which Thou hast so often repeated to me, saying, "Come to Me all you that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." Yes, let it be my only comfort for the future to be Thy companion in pain. Oh, that I could thus in some degree comfort Thee in the cruel pain I have inflicted on Thy Paternal Heart by departing far from Thee. Oh! how sweet it is to return in sorrow to Thy bosom. Sinners, where are you? All you, who like wandering ungrateful sheep, have long lived far away, as I have done, from the Good Shepherd, come let us hasten to Him, and console the sorrowful Heart of Jesus with our repentance. What son is there so ungrateful, that seeing his father agonised with grief at his disobedience, does not

try to console him at least with tears of penitence? Ah, Lord Jesus! weep no more over me. Confiding in Thy grace I will never again forsake Thee: nay more, I will make known Thy love to Thy wandering children, and they, by the assistance of Thy grace, shall also return to Thy Fatherly bosom.

V. Continue, faithful soul, to contemplate thy dear Saviour, Who, for thy sake, is abandoned a prey to anguish more grievous than death. He remains persevering in prayer, although weariness, fear, and extreme heaviness, overwhelm His Heart. Harken to His prayer, which is full of reverence and of resignation, "My Father," He says, "if it be not possible that this chalice pass from Me except I drink it, Thy will be done." Now unite Thyself in spirit to thy Saviour, and be ready with Him to do the most holy will of God. Yes, my adorable Lord Jesus, from Thy example I now understand what is the surest and speediest

method of aiming at perfection. I will imitate then Thy most humble resignation. I too in every adversity will repeat with Thee, "Thy will, O Heavenly Father, and not mine, be done."


VI. Behold Jesus prostrate a third time with His face to the earth. And His countenance covered with a sweat of Blood, which, issuing from all the pores of His body, bathes His garments and drops to the ground. So woeful a sight must excite in thee a horror of sin and a love of Jesus. O adorable Blood! flow upon my soul, cleanse and sanctify it. O Divine Blood! our only Hope, wash in the salutary and precious bath of penance all the souls which are in a state of defilement by mortal sin. O Eternal Father, hear the cry which this Divine Blood utters to Thee, to implore mercy upon unhappy sinners.

VII. Lastly, consider the principal causes of the anguish that so much afflicts the Heart of Jesus. The kiss of the

traitor Judas, and of so many sacrilegious Christian souls who shall receive Him unworthily in the Sacrament of the Altar ; the painful scourging, which so many ungrateful sinners shall renew by their impurities ; the crowning of thorns, and still more those evil thoughts, by which His Heart shall be pierced by sinners ; the Cross, and the ignominious death He must die, and the torments and various kinds of death His followers will suffer at the hands of the persecutors of His Church ; the damnation of so many souls after so copious a redemption. Ah, this above all wounds most horribly that most loving Heart. "After all my sacrifice for the destruction of sin, God will be offended, and after their Redemption men will still go to hell." O how bitter is the chalice presented to thy Redeemer ! But the Angel sent by His Father to comfort Him, says to Him, "That even after His death Divine Justice must have its course with obdurate sinners, who will not profit by

the Divine Mercy for their salvation : and therefore it is the will of His Father that He die for all, that so all men be saved ; but yet that he who, by his own malice, will not glorify the Mercy of God in Heaven, shall glorify His Justice in eternal pains : and thus God shall not be deprived of the glory which is necessarily His due." Here you may imagine that the Angel pointing to you, asks of Jesus if He will suffer the death of the Cross for your salvation, and upon His reply in the affirmative, break forth in admiration at so great love, and see in what manner you ought to act so as to be grateful to your loving Saviour Jesus.

Here give full utterance to the affections that you shall feel arising in your heart.



UTTERANCE OF AFFECTIONS.*

I.—THE FAITHFUL HEART.

Is it Thou, my Saviour and my God, that I see in this abyss of humiliations, fainting, and abandoned by all most dear to Thee, in an agony of weariness, fear, and sorrow, and bathed, so that even Thy garments are saturated with a bloody sweat? Yes, it is Thou, my God and Saviour. Thou art He Who didst pass throughout Judea and Galilee, curing all diseases, and casting out devils from the bodies of the possessed, by Thy divine power. How then is it that I see Thee in this lamentable condition? Ah! it is Thy excessive love for souls that has reduced Thee to agonise

* See the little book entitled *The Holy Hour*, printed in Naples in the year 1830.

and sweat blood for them. And as Thou didst prove Thy Divinity then by stupendous miracles, so now Thou showest Thyself to be the Man-God by such excess of sufferings. It is Thy Divine power that supports Thee to prevent Thy dying before the time appointed from eternity, and permits Thee to endure in Thy most delicate body the whole violence of the suffering inflicted on Thee. O Jesus! Thou art my Lord and God. The more I see Thee subject to suffering, and afflicted at the enormity of our sins, the more my faith is confirmed in Thee. There is no one but a God Incarnate that could endure such excessive torments, and could conceive so great a sorrow for sin, and comprehend so fully the enormous outrage that the man who sins does against God, the Sovereign Good. Yes, O my Jesus, I firmly believe Thou art my God. Lord, increase my faith—while with the Angels, the beholders of so great a mystery, I adore Thee most profoundly.

2.—THE CONTRITE HEART.

But whence, dear Jesus, comes this effusion of Thy Blood? I see no executioners here with scourge and crown of thorns, with cross, nails, and spear. Adorable Blood! who has forced thee from the veins of my Saviour? Alas, I have been the cruel executioner, who with my sins, have grieved the Heart of Jesus to an agony and sweat of Blood. O Jesus, infinite Goodness! how is it that my heart, which has been so ungrateful to Thee, is not broken with sorrow? The mere excess of Thy love for unhappy sinners, and the impatient desire Thou hadst in all Thy life to suffer for them, have united at one moment in Thy Heart all those sufferings which Thou art about to feel actually throughout the whole of Thy Passion. O my God, Thy love is not content with the tears Thou hast shed from Thine eyes for my sins, but has

opened all the pores of Thy body to shed from them in abundance tears of blood. With these tears, so full of anguish, Thou weepest for my sins and those of the world. O abominable monster, sin!—how could I have committed thee so often and so easily? Ah, that I could expire of pure contrition for having offended Thee so much, O infinite Goodness! O my hard heart! how is it thou dost not break asunder? Canst thou be so insensible? Thy God is weeping for thy sins with tears of Blood, and thou, my heart, art so hard that thou dost not make me shed one tear of contrition! O my Jesus, give me, I beg of Thee, something of that excess of sorrow which Thou hast felt for my sins. Distil from Thy Divine Heart into mine one drop of that torrent of bitterness with which Thy soul was inundated, and since I am not permitted to shed all my blood for Thee, Who hast poured forth Thine to the last drop for me, grant at least that I may wash away

my sins from my heart by constant tears of most tender contrition. Oh, that my eyes would let fall tears in torrents for the excessive pains my Lord suffers for my sins and the sins of the whole world. It is I, my Jesus, that have sinned, and Thou who art Innocent bearest the pains due to my sins. Those pains I ought to suffer—why then dost Thou share them with so great love? Give me, Lord Jesus, a share in Thy affliction. Make me suffer with Thee. For love of Thee I henceforth accept in union with Thy pains, all that it shall please Thee to lay upon me in punishment of my offences.

3.—FEAR.

Tremble, O my soul, “for if these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?” If Jesus Christ, the Innocent, the Holy, the Just One, was treated with such rigour by the Divine Justice for being clothed in the garb of

sinner—what, sinful soul, will become of thee? Alas, living, as I have hitherto done, with so great ingratitude to God, I have good reason to fear that His innocent Blood, shed for my salvation, may cry for vengeance against me, and that this very Blood may be the cause of my condemnation to greater torment. Great God! pierce my heart through with Thy holy fear, that I may ever be afraid of Thy tremendous judgments. Who shall not fear Thee, O King of Nations? What sinner shall not tremble at the sight of the dreadful severity of Thy justice which required such a satisfaction of the most innocent Jesus for the sins of the world?

4.—CONFIDENCE.

If thou hast resolved, O my soul, to correspond effectually to the graces of thy most loving Saviour, thou hast a well-founded hope of attaining to salvation. O my God, when I cast a look upon Thy

Son, sacrificed for me, all my fears are put to flight, and I feel to my consolation the sweetest confidence in Thine infinite mercy. Yes, my Jesus, Thou art my mercy and my refuge of safety, Thou art my salvation. Behold Jesus thy Saviour, O my soul, and hope in Him. He holds these hands of His open to embrace thee, and to clasp thee to His breast: these feet He keeps nailed to the Cross to wait for thy return: His head He holds inclined to thee to invite thee to Him: His Heart is open to declare that He is ready to pour out upon thee the riches of His grace: all His Blood shed for thee pleads pardon for thy sins. What then dost thou fear? Put in Jesus thy trust, and thou shalt not be confounded. Hope in thy God, and do good for the time to come, and thou shalt be fed in the delights of thy Divine Pastor for ever. O Jesus, my lot is in Thy hands. I place my soul in Thy Heart, and there I desire that it may dwell. In Thy open side, as in a place

of refuge, I will breathe out my soul, in firm confidence that Thou wilt not tear it from Thy Heart to cast it into eternal flames. Remember, O Lord, what this soul of mine has cost Thee, and have mercy on me. Henceforth, dear Lord, I will ever have hope in Thee. If God for my salvation spared not even His Only Son, but sacrificed Him for me upon the Cross, how shall He not with Him give me all things ?

5.—LOVE.

O my soul, measure the excess of the love of Jesus by the excess of grief with which thou seest Him oppressed. O Love, O Love ! if thou couldst have such power over the Heart of God, how is it that thou hast so little over the heart of man ? Thou hadst power to force a sweat of blood from every pore of the body of the Son of God, and yet thou canst not draw one tear from my eyes, nor one sigh from

my heart. O my Saviour, how strong is Thy love ! It makes Thee anticipate the fury of Thy executioners ; it makes Thee undergo the agony of death before Thine hour is come. But remember, I beseech Thee, that Thou art come to cast the fire of Thy love on earth, and that Thou desirest that all hearts be enkindled with it. O most loving Heart of Jesus, furnace of most ardent love, kindle in my soul this divine fire, that I may be wholly consumed.

6.—ADMIRATION.

Behold what miracles are wrought by Love ! The Omnipotent is become feeble, the Impassible suffers, the Majesty of God is disguised under our miseries, the Eternal is subject to death, Life Itself is laid in the tomb. O excess of Mercy ! Hast Thou, O Lord, worked all these wonders for me, a miserable creature ? But who am I, O my God. Do I deserve

so much as one look of Thine to be cast upon me. What! the Creator suffers death for the creature, the Master for the slave; God, Who is all in all, for me, who am nothing! Be amazed, ye heavens, at such a miracle of mercy. O Jesus! to what an excess has love brought Thee for ungrateful man? Thou art God of Infinite Majesty, and at the same time the Man of Sorrows; Thou art in Heaven adored by the blessed Angels, and at the same time upon earth Thou art mocked, scourged, crucified, and put to death by sinners. It is Thou, O Word of God, that didst create the universe from nothing; but what wonder that Thou couldst do so, for Thou art omnipotent? What I cannot cease to wonder at, and can never comprehend, is to see Thee humbled, suffering, and breathing out Thy Blessed Soul upon a shameful gibbet, and for me! O Jesus, Eternal Majesty! to what a length has Thy excessive love for Thy ungrateful creatures led Thee!

7.—IMITATION.

O my soul, thou must not be content with a barren admiration, but thou must imitate the divine model thou hast before thine eyes. Overwhelmed with a sea of sorrows, and sacrificing Thyself for the glory of Thy Divine Father and my salvation, Thou givest me, my Saviour, an example of every virtue. How great would be my ingratitude if from this moment I did not seek with all my strength to imitate Thee. I desire to do so, O Lord, and this is the fruit I propose to gather from this prayer. I will, in imitation of Thee, with the help of Thy grace, resign myself wholly to the Divine Will. I will persevere in prayer notwithstanding my tepidity. I will bless Thee in my pains and sufferings. I will fight against my rebellious passions; prefer the humility of the Cross to the pride of the devil; penitence to the softness of the

flesh ; sufferings to the insane pleasures of the world. O my Divine Model make me a faithful imitator of Thee.

8.—THE OBLATION.

My Saviour, Thou hast bought me at so great a price, and am I not then by every title wholly Thine? Yes ; this is the ardent and only desire of my heart. Come then and take possession of this poor heart of mine, most sweet and beloved Spouse of my soul. To Thee I give my heart, and desire it to be ever wholly Thine. Receive it, O my Jesus, take possession of it, consume it with the fire of Thy divine love. Nay more, I give myself entirely to Thee. To Thee I unite myself, to Thee I abandon myself ; and as a babe reposes calmly in the bosom of its mother, so in every trouble will I remain tranquil in Thy arms. I know the loving care Thou hast hitherto taken of me, and I doubt not, O my Jesus, that

Thou wilt have the same for the time to come. Do Thou make me constant in Thy service, and sustain and strengthen my weakness. Grant that in all my afflictions, spiritual and temporal, I may have recourse to Thee with the confidence of a child, and do Thou ever be my Comforter. O Tender Lover of souls, dear Spouse of my soul, do not separate Thyself any more from me. I desire to live but for Thee. I would have Thee so wholly Master of my heart, that each time it beats I would renew my entire abandonment of my will to Thine. O most sweet Heart of Jesus, to Thee I consecrate my love, my desires, my affections, and every wish of mine. O Jesus, I live no more to myself, but do Thou ever live in me, and grant that I may breathe out my soul in the Wound of Thy Side.

9.—REPARATION FOR THE WRONGS
DONE TO JESUS.

O Jesus, Thou hast conferred so many

benefits upon men, and they return Thee evil for good. And that which grieves me most, is that I too have been so many years in the number of those who have repaid with ingratitude Thy excessive and most bountiful love. O that I could with my blood and with my tears make atonement for such ingratitude. From this very moment I will cease to be ungrateful to Thee, my most loving and bountiful Benefactor, and will begin to love Thee. Too late have I begun to know Thee, O my Sovereign Good. But since the occupations of this miserable life do not permit me to remain united with Thee as I would desire every moment of my life, I purpose at every breath to renew the offering of myself in union with Thy Divine Heart to the Eternal Father in thanksgiving for all the benefits I have received. I desire with every beating of my heart to love Thee with that most perfect love which all the blessed have for Thee in Heaven. Every time that I

behold the picture of Thy Sacred Heart, or the image of Thee crucified, I purpose to offer Thee all the praises Thou shalt receive for eternity from the Just, in thanksgiving for the excessive love Thou hast shown me, especially in giving Thyself as food for my soul, and in dying for my salvation. Every time I shall raise my eyes to heaven, I intend to declare that my heart is there where Thou art my Heavenly Treasure ; and I purpose to unite myself in loving Thee with Thy ever Blessed Virgin Mother, with all the Angels and Saints in heaven, and all the Just on earth. O my Sovereign Good ! may that happy time speedily come when I shall be united perfectly by love to Thee, and shall be blessed in Thee, and fear no more to be separated from Thee. Then I will show myself to all the Blessed as a glorious trophy of Thy grace, and will invite them all to sing with me Thy mercies unto me for ever.

APPENDIX.

THE HOLY HOUR.

What ! could you not watch one hour with me ?

St. Matt. xxvi. 40.

The devotion of the "Holy Hour" was revealed by our Divine Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, Who thus directed her how to practise it. "I desire you," He said, "to spend the hour between eleven and twelve on Thursday nights in prayer, to share my sorrow during My Agony in the Garden, and so to appease My anger against sinners."

According to the practice of Blessed Margaret Mary, the Holy Hour is an exercise of mental or vocal prayer commemorating the Agony of our Lord in the Garden, or any other circumstance of His Passion.

A Confraternity, called "The Confraternity of the Holy Hour," is erected at the Monastery of the Visitation at Paray-le-Monial, enriched by the Sovereign Pontiff with a Plenary Indulgence.

By a Rescript obtained from Rome, May 29, 1865, the Confraternity, with the same Indulgence, is established in England at the Monastery of the Visitation at Westbury-on-Trym, where the names of Associates are received and registered.

STATUTES OF THE ASSOCIATION.

I.

The devotion of the Holy Hour must be performed on Thursday before midnight, in Church, or elsewhere, at pleasure, from the hour at which the Office of Matins for the following day can be recited. (1)

II.

Those who desire to be received into the Confraternity, can send their names to be inscribed in the Register kept at the Monastery of the Visitation at Westbury-on-Trym.

III.

Each one is at liberty to perform this devotion more or less frequently on Thursdays throughout the year, but the Holy Father, in granting a Plenary Indulgence to the Associates each time, (2) shews by granting this favour, how much he desires they should constantly offer to the Divine Heart of Jesus this testimony of their love and gratitude. Blessed Margaret Mary practised it every Thursday.

NOTES. (1) A Table is subjoined of the hours at which this devotion can be commenced according to the time of year. There is doubtless greater merit in performing the Holy Hour from eleven o'clock till twelve, than earlier in the night. But as there are many to whom this hour would be inconvenient, it was advisable to have permission to begin the exercise earlier, that so a greater number of the faithful might profit by the spiritual ad-

vantages attached to it. Any posture can be adopted, kneeling, standing, or sitting, and as no particular place is prescribed, this devotion may be practised by all persons, even by the infirm.

(2) A Plenary Indulgence is granted to those who are inscribed on the Register, each time they perform the devotion, approach the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father. The Indulgence is applicable to the Souls in Purgatory.

The Associates can make their Communion on the Thursday, or following Friday, at choice. Weekly Confession suffices for gaining the Indulgence.

Hours in the afternoon at which Matins may be said for the following day, calculated for this country.

Jan. 1.	2h.	om.	Aug. 10.	3h.	45m.
„ 21.	2h.	15m.	„ 25.	3h.	30m.
Feb. 7.	2h.	30m.	Sept. 8.	3h.	15m.
„ 25.	2h.	45m.	„ 17.	3h.	om.
Mar. 13.	3h.	om.	Oct. 5.	2h.	45m.
Apr. 1.	3h.	15m.	„ 15.	2h.	30m.
„ 20.	3h.	30m.	Nov. 2.	2h.	15m.
May 6.	3h.	45m.	„ 24.	2h.	om.
„ 26.	4h.	om.			

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